

GEE AITCH 43

No. 15. General Hospital No. 43, Hampton, Va. Friday, May 23, 1919

Post Team Loses to Camp Alexander

Labor Battalion vs. Mess Hall Today

GAME GOES AGAINST LOCALS.

The local team lost to Camp Alexander, Wednesday afternoon in a closely played contest. Both teams played a clean and fast game from start to finish. Though the teams were, without doubt, matched equally as to strength, a glance at the score book records shows quite plainly that the game should have gone to General 43. Those who saw the contest and witnessed the nefarious

brand of umpiring that was indulged in, positively declare that the game was deliberately stolen from the locals by the umpire. Apparently this "general" of the field has a mighty slim knowledge of baseball, so much so, in that he allowed batters to cross the plate, interfering with McCarthy's throws to second base, and deliberately showed his dirty tactics, when after being reprimanded

(Continued on page 4.)



Pvt. Westinghouse—Edison Loafer.

GEE AITCH 43

Published every day, except Monday,
and devoted to the interests of
General Hospital No. 43, Hamp-
ton, Va.

Official Staff:

Lieut. Colonel W. H. Richardson,
commanding officer.

J. H. French, Red Cross, field
director.

Staff:

Editor.....Sergeant H. M. Hanson
Cartoonist, Pvt. 1st c. M. A. Dunning
Reporter.....Corp. W. W. Shankweiler

Friday, May 23, 1919.

Officer of the Day—Lt. Howard.

How about those nominations? we mean those departmental correspondents. A response was voiced in certain parts of the camp yesterday, and it looks as though we hit the keynote in this election thing. Organize your campaign, get started at once, and in your election propaganda, names of candidates, and we'll do the rest. We'll divide the precincts as follows, for your approval: Nurses' Corner (have already representative correspondent), Officer's Club, Mess Hall, Fire Department, Laundry, Guard Company, Quartermaster department, Motor Transport, Post Bakery and Labor Battalion. It is up to the members of each of these departments to make their selections, and we will help them through the methods stated above. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

If health and wealth you wish to
find, eat light, drink light and feed
your mind.

* * *

Rainbow chasing, in the extreme,
has produced substantial results that

can be duplicated forever with mathematical certainty.

Business, manufacture, agriculture, owe everything to the science of chemistry. Chemistry owes many of its important discoveries to those that would be called "The Craziest Rainbow Chasers."

They were the alchemists of old days, men that spent their lives struggling to change baser metals into pure gold.

They never produced the gold which like iron and scores of others, are unchanging elements in the universe, elements of matter that science resolves down to the electron, but elements beyond the power of men to construct or assemble.

Man can take carbon and make an artificial diamond. But he cannot create the carbon; he can make of gold what he chooses, but he cannot create one-tenth of a grain of gold.

Nevertheless those that for centuries chased the vain rainbow "Transmutation of Metals," trying to change other metals into gold, made some of the most important discoveries in the history of scientific research, laid the foundation of the science of chemistry, absolutely necessary now to human welfare.

* * *

THE BEREAVED.

I shall watch the boys march. I shall
cheer as they pass

Though my heart o'er the ocean
lies buried;

For the lines closely knit in parade
will, alas!

To my vision seem halting and
serried.

I shall cheer as they pass both the
quick and the wraith

And to both thus some comfort be
giving—

For the spirits of those who have
died for the faith

Will be marching along with the
living.

—Grif Alexander.

With Nurse's Correspondent.

Miss Reay and Miss Kilcline have
received their discharges and are
soon to leave 43 for broader fields.

ORDERLY FOR THE BAND.

Our Birdie fluttered in after retreat the other evening with a knowing look in his eye. He perched himself securely on the sill of **Gee Aitch 43** window, and after slicking his downy feathers went on to tell us that there had been great doings in the band circle lately. The way this feathered fowl relates it a certain **Sergeant 1st class** named Jack Bowen in an effort to find something to do (he's very ambitions, you know) was hanging around the band. This profuse personnel worried them so they went about to employ him. Our Birdie concludes by advising that this great man from "**VERY GOOD EDDIE**" was given a job as **orderly** and that he had seen him out at retreat, laden with all manner of drums, instrument cases belonging to the band men. The picture as drawn for us by this member of the winged species was that of the **SERGEANT FIRST CLASS**, a monster bass drum strapped on his back, a veritable pack-horse, while the drummer, with club in hand, brought up the rear beating out the march time and menacing the laden one should his footsteps flounder. The little birdie then burst into laughter and upon leaving us schreeched back that the whole camp was snickering over it.

—"Selected."

**EIGHTEEN NON-COMS ARRIVE
HERE FOR DUTY.**

A bunch of sergeants have arrived from General Hospital 9, Lakewood, N. J., Wednesday evening, for assignment at this Post. Welcome to our "small town" Hosp. Sgts. R. J. Blocker, J. E. Hopkins and C. D. Coffin, Sgts. 1st c. Charles Bove, Thomas J. Coonan, Rodney Lethbridge, C. W. Weidman, R. R. Rothacker, P. N. Rapp, H. S. Benard, W. E. Latting, W. C. Moneegan, T. A. McGarr and J. B. Vovolo, Sgts. R. H. Maloney, Howard J. Hamilton, Ralph Mathews and L. D. Stage.

Pvt. Morris back from pass and on the job.

**GLEAMINGS FROM HERE AND
THERE.**

With every fresh transport rap-turously greeted, Newport News looks more and more like "The Port of Kissing Men."

To a man of twenty, a kiss is a sacrament; to a man of thirty, an experiment; to a man of forty, a sentiment; to a man of fifty, an amusement; and to a man of sixty, a compliment.

Have you noticed the German Nobility in Number 43, which most of us pass and look at each day? If not, take a walk over to the rose beds where you will find Kaiserine Augusta Victoria, with many others, such as Barons, Vons and Fraus of the high German families. And just think, they surround the **AMERICAN BEAUTY**. —Gem.

Cue Emmer Western went to Phoebe without his white collar last night, and now he's walking around with a stiff neck.

"Confidential" Fitz says he's going to settle down and get married shortly after July 1st.

Sgt. Schlicting, of the M. T. C., says the reason he sleeps with his clothes on, is to be ready to get the company up for mess in the mornings.

BACK, SWEET AND ROSY.

Pvt. Con Midkif, now a member of the regulars, is back with us again. He re-enlisted ("in his rank") for a single year hitch, last month, and has been spending his 30 day furlough at his home in Lexington, Kentucky. He really seems to be happy to be back, as he made a sojourn out to the farm, and tried his hand at it, got kicked by a mule, and concluded that the Army had any old farm beat any day. So he's very well pleased with his re-enlistment. It seems that his "intended" was close by his side, all the while back home, in fact, he truthfully states he "spent a year of Paradise in them thirty days."

GAME GOES AGAINST LOCALS.

(Continued from page 1.)

manded by Capt. McCarthy of this act, he called a strike-out on three wild pitched balls, while McCarthy batted in the following inning—example of spite from a small man. Those in charge of athletics in the camps of this section would do well to keep some of these egotistic men out of all athletic activities who make capital of their position as officers and thus put a blot on clean sportsmanship. It is known that there are plenty well versed baseball men in various camps hereabouts, and there is no reason why an officer should undertake the job of directing a baseball game just because he is an officer. The chances are in the greater number of cases, these men never set foot on a baseball diamond before they came into the service. Baseball is baseball, whether in the army or in the National league, and should be played and handled as such.

Stauffer pitched good ball, and all members of both teams played well. In the following summary, can be gleaned these facts, as well as the fact stated above in reference to what team the game should have gone to. Look it over:

Post Team.

	Ab	H.	A.	O.	E.
Kingsley, 3b.....	4	0	2	2	0
Curtis, lf.....	4	0	1	2	0
Ziegler, 2b.....	3	0	5	2	0
Otis, ss.....	4	1	0	2	0
McCarthy, c.....	4	0	1	8	2
Shellenberg, 1b.....	4	1	2	8	0
Novick, cf.....	3	0	1	1	0
Schofield, rf.....	4	0	0	0	1
Stauffer, p.....	1	0	3	1	1

Totals, 31 2 26 15 4

Gen'l Hosp. 43.....1 0 0 3 0 0 0 0—4
Camp Alexander..0 0 1 0 2 0 1 0—5

Runs scored, Curtis, Ziegler, Otis, Novick, Stiggins, Williams A. 3, Hariston. Two-base hit, Woodard. Three-base hit, H. Williams. Double play, Ziegler to Scholenberg to McCarthy. First on errors, Post, 4, Alexander 1. Left on bases, Post 4, Alexander 4. Stolen bases, McCarthy, Novick, Schofield, Stauffer, A.

Williams, H. Williams. Struck out by Stauffer, 6; Anderson, 2; Washington, 3. Bases on balls, Stauffer, 5; Anderson, 2; Washington, 2. Hits off Anderson, 2 in 3 2-3 innings. off Washington, none in 5 1-3 innings. Sacrifice hits, Novick, H. Williams, Washington. Wild throws, Schofield, Stauffer, McCarthy, Hariston, Anderson, A. Williams. Passed ball, McCarthy. Time of game, two hours. Umpire: Captain "Kidd" the Pirate.

GAMES THIS WEEK.

Saturday, the Naval Transport aggregation from Newport News come here to play the locals.

Sunday, Fortress Monroe play the locals here.

Both games start at 2:00 P. M.

POST LEAGUE BASEBALLERS

TODAY—The Labor Battalion vs. Mess Hall, is the order for this afternoon. The last game between these two teams was not allowed by the Athletic Board, due to unfair play on the part of the Mess Hall, hence this game will be marshalled in proper manner to see that both sides are given fair play. Game starts at 1:30 P. M.

THAT TYPEWRITER.

I have a new typ-eWriter,
Andd it is my de;light
To patter on it gaily
And write, and writell and write\$
It aides mE in my laborrs9
When I)m in Working vein*
It makes a GREAT improvEmenT%
I write So verY pLain.
It oPeratess soww!Ftly\$
That when yOu find you're sTuck;
and CannoT fInD the lett4er
Just\$jab—and—trusT to luck6\$)
It's easy—VERY easy—
To operAte it then;;;?\$3?
Now where on earth's that colon?

Give me my ink and Pen!

There was a young lady named Per-
kins,
Who had a great fondness for gher-
kins;
She went to a tea
And ate twenty-three,
Whick pickled her internal workins.